

Honorable Judge Graham,

My name is Lily Kocho and I am again writing to you on behalf of my partner, Jackson Sawall.

It has been eight months since his incarceration began, and the time period is still defined as "indefinite".

At twenty four years old, I am handling every legal, emotional, and financial aspect of this situation by myself while also managing my grandmother's severely-declining health. On top of scrambling to make ends-meet while getting an education, I'm Jackson's sole power of attorney and support. I pay for the majority of his needs, and am strong for him and his family on a daily basis.

Your Honor, I arrive home each night to empty space. I sit on his side of the couch, and sleep on his side of the bed in an effort to feel close to him. Since December 2nd, I have had nobody to share my deepest thoughts with. Nobody to hold me when I cry, or pick me up when I fall.

We have been ripped from the only taste of a good life we've ever known. We are the support system that neither of us had until we found each other. Jackson is the only person who's seen and understood my soul, and he's gone with no return date in sight.

Jack has only ever been good to me. His presence provided a sense of stability that I had never experienced prior to meeting him. He has always been thoughtful, respectful, loving, and made me feel safe —

That said, I am not a "damsel in distress" within this situation. I don't need a man in my life to feel fulfilled.

I don't "need" Jackson in my life, Your Honor, I want him in my life.

I was never blindsided by Jackson's case or past; as he's always been open about them. What I chose to do was give him the chance to show me the kind of person he is, and that person, despite his crime and past, has a genuinely good heart. If he didn't I would not advocate for and support him as I have.

My grandparents who raised me, a Jewish woman and a Vietnam Vet / Defense Attorney, also see Jackson as a good person despite his crime and past. As do his family, friends, bosses, and educators.

I wish that I could sit down and talk with you. I wish that Jackson could too, because a fifteen-minute conversation is all it would take to understand that he isn't the person that past documents portray him to be. Jackson deserves a chance at a good life, and I will continue to persevere until he comes home to me. We've all we've got.

Thank you for taking the time to read my letter.

- Lily Kane

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